[Union Village, Ohio?]
[With N.Y. New Lebanon
by mistake.]

A Journey to Busro.

1st

The sixteenth day of January
Thro' stormy rains thro' ice & snow,
From turtle creek we took our journey
To see the brethren at Busro.
Near forty miles we had to travel
Before we left the settlement,
A howling wilderness before us
A thousand furlongs in extent.

2nd

The way blocked up with floods of water
The land with ice was overlaid,
On broken ice for miles we traveled
And thro' the chilling waters wade,
On the third day tho' cold and stormy,
It thunder'd lightened and it rained
Till by a foaming branch of Pickry
One day and night we were detained.

3rd

Now here we left the last plantation
And pass'd the ground thus overflow'd,
Prepared to tread the extensive desert
A new and unfrequented road;
Each furnished with his staff & sack nap
And some provision for the way.
We ventured on without concieving
What trials yet before us lay.

4th

The heavy rains had loosed the rivers
And left the ice all in a float,
And tho' we hop'd a raft would answer
In place of a Canoe or boat,
Yet bottom land for miles togeather
We knew were in one overflow'd
With broken ice and floating timber
That there we knew not how to go.

5th

Now for a sudden change of weather,
We pray'd upon our bended knees
That violent cold would fill the
leather

And all these mighty waters freeze;
The weather changed the freeze commenc'd
And we desired it might not slack,
Until it formed a solid passage.
Each side of the Muskahtak.

6th

This low flat river at length obstructed
And mighty waters standing there,
Six miles at least all like an Ocean
With ice to thin our weight to bear;
By various means we sought a passage,
But finding it could not be crossed
In patience, hope we there encamped
To wait the issue of the froast.

7th

A while the country we explor'd
In hopes to find a passage round,
And there a fox had killed a turkey,
The leg and breast of which we found,
These little fragments well drest & smoked
Did furnish one delicious meal,

And for provision so unexpected
How glad and thankful did we feel

8th

Two days and nights we there remained
With hunger pinched, and freezing cold
While the majestic current flowed,
Over all its banks so high and bold:
On the third morn we ventured forward
However dangerous it might seem
Wet to the loins and in a snow storm
We built a raft and crossed the stream

9th

Six miles we trod the icy pavement
Like roaring thunder crackling round,
And as the shades of midnight overspread us
We safely reached the solid ground
While frozen trees were loudly crackling
And whistling winds severely blow,
Our most refreshing entertainment,
Was a good fire and melted snow.

10th

This unknown flood we safely passed
Yet retained our former dread,
And we supposed the muskheto
Was yet at least ten miles ahead:
Till the next morning a nod appeared
Which shew'd how far we got along
And on its top with joy we shouted
And labour'd one thanksgiving song.

11th

These nids are high the air most piercing
And the north winds severely blow
We ran and stamp'd till quite exausted
With swollen feet and frozen toes;
So swell'd and blister'd, pinched & bruised
We had to walk in our stocking soles,
Till two days travel thro' snags and bushes,
Had worn them into fifty holes.

12th

Our bed was brush & in the morning
We stripp'd and bathed in the cold snow;
We dressed, kneel'd, and eat our morsel,
And when we had prepared to go,

Our little comfort seemed endearing
Tho joints were stiff and bellies lank
We implor'd kind heavens safe protectio
And kindly there each other thank'd.

13th

The walnut, oak and chestnut timber
On every side the forest lined
And tho' their fruit we much desire
No nut or acorn could we find
Thus over hills and creeks & valleys
We marched thro' the desert land.
Till early on the fourteenth mornin
White river brought us to a stand.

14th

With floating ice the current rolled
So that we knew not what to do
Till far beyond our expectation
We spied a house and good canoe;
A friendly hand convey'd us over
With cold benumb'd with hunger faint
And the refreshment we there recieved,
The strongest language cannot paint.

15th

Now with renewed animation
The hopeful journey we pursue
Until the fork of the same river
On the next morning came in view;
There twenty furlongs of ice and water
Were mingled in one great uproar
But being set to cross the current
We forced our passage to the shore.

16th

Our greatest sufferings now are over
And every danger left behind,
Scarce thirty miles remain to travel
Where entertainment we could find;
Our weary limbs renew'd their vigor
Until we reached the McBurro soil
And the kind welcome we received
Made rich amends for all our toil.

To From

William Pillow son of Ann Pillow whose case has been the subject of much trial - explained in the printed book by Elder Richard Bushnell

Lines written in memory of little William Pillow Junr. who came to this place Friday January 5th 1849, and just six weeks from that time, which was the sixteenth of February, his father William H. Pillow, came And took him away. 1849

1st A very grevious trying case,
Has lately happen'd in this place;
A youth right from our bosom torn
Which caus'd us much with grief to mourn

This youth was from Mount Lebanon
Twas William Pillow's eldest son;
Who bound him there, the bond was fixed
In eighteen hundred forty six.

And Edward Fowler was the one
To whom he bound this little son,
And here within Mount Zion's walls
He gained the faith and love of all.

His father did some faith receive,
But soon he did the Spirit grieve,
And turned again to Babylon,
And left awhile his little son.

But soon the serpent took the lead
And he became quite bold indeed,
His children he resolv'd to take
And thus he did much trouble make.

And so the matter to decide
The case at length in court was tried
And here it was the Judge's voice
To have the children take their choice.

The youngest being first arraigned
Chose with their father to remain;
But when they call'd the eldest son
He chose to go to Lebanon.

So when the time was fully come,
The brethren all returned home;
But ah! their time of rest was short,
There soon came on another court.

But William did not this attend,
But tarried with his Shaker friends
Yet many witnesses were there,
Who saw and heard the whole affair.

The Judge at length with open face
To William Pillow gave the case;
And it was feared he next would come
To take him* from his peaceful home.

Soon little William heard the news,
And fearing lest it might be true,
He soon resolved and fixed his plans
And thus escaped his cruel hands.

So in the night away he run

*Meaning little William)

And no one knew where he had gone
But, (as we since have learned) he found
A home somewhere on Shaker ground

At length he came unto this place
In hopes to rest awhile in peace
But when six weeks were fully up
He had to drink the bitter Cup.

For lo, one friday just at night,
His cruel father came in sight;
A Sherif with him did appear
To take this youth as you will hear.

A Lawyer he did also find,
To aid him in his base design;
And thus, we see, it was of course,
His aim, to take him off by force

These three came on with writ in hand
And near our dwelling took their stand

Thinking perhaps they might with ease,
This little youth readily sieze.

Our brethren soon from supper came
Met these men whom we have named
But still no one knew what it meant
Nor that they were on mischief bent.

But on they rushed the lad to find,
Who was but just a step behind,
And e'er he took the least alarm,
His father caught him in his arms.

This youth was rather small in size
And being taken by surprise,
To try to flee would do no good,
So like a lamb he trembling stood.

This scene how trying to our hearts!
Knowing we soon with him must part,
For tho we were the strongest band
None dare rescue him from their hands.

But go he must, no arm to save,
Nor snatch him from the opening grave
For O alass! it was to late
To hide him from this dismal fate.

And no reprieve could he obtain
To plead for him was all in vain,
But with these cretures he must go
With not a friend to sooth his woe.

This was a dreadful case indeed;
It caused our very hearts to bleed
We'd gladly took him from their view
But this alas we could not do.

And tho' the night was tedious cold
They took this lamb right from the fold
And would not suffer him to stay
Nor tarry here another day.

And tho' we strongly did invite
These men to stay here thro' the night

They were so much in haste to go
They only staid an hour or so.

During this time we did prepare
Some food, of which they all did share
And thus, (as the Apostles said,)
Heap'd coals of fire upon their head

But when their supper they had done
They quickly took this little ones
Then to the Ville they took their flight
And there they spent one dreary night.

Then on to Hartford they did steer
Before Judge Elworth to appear,
Two brethren also took the car
And came with them before the bar.

At length the Judge the case adjourn'd
(As we soon afterwards did learn.)
Then to the Ville they came again
And there two days they did remain.

Then Br George as will appear
Unto Mount Leabanon did start
Three brethren did with him return
Whose names we very soon did learn.

'Twas Elder Richard and John Dean
Upon whose help we much did lean
Another brother also came
And Edward Fowler was his name.

They came from Springfield just at night
While nought but stars their path did light
The weather to was quite severe
But this it seems they did not fear.

When morning came their course they bent.
To Hartford, as was their intent.
'Twas brethren also from this place
Went on with them to hear the case.

Before the court they all appear'd
Where they remain'd twixt hope & fear,

And with anxiety did wait
To hear their little brothers fate.

This youth with whom we had to part
Was also there with aching heart,
And feeling doubtless much concern
Not knowing how the case might turn.

Some think the judge meant all the while
To have the father take the child,
For many ways he did invent
To make the youth, to this, consent

But all his flatteries were in vain
The youth still steadfast did remain
So, driven to the last extreme
The judge must try another scheme

At length he formed up this decree
To set the little captive free,
None were to force him in the least
But he might go with whom he pleased.

A ray of hope then quick did glance
Across the youth's bright countenance.
Expecting shortly to return
With his dear friends to Lebanon

Yet after all 'twas evident,
The judges command was only meant
For our good brethren to obey,
Lest they should take the youth away.

For after all (as we have heard,)
His father did not heed the word.
But very quickly he drew near,
To take the youth as did appear.

At this the brethren felt alarmed
And quickly they the judge inform'd
Who, (tho' perhaps not much displeas'd
Forbid him thus the lad to seize.

But still, he would not let him go.
But a few moments time or so

But kept near by, and so at last
He caught the youth and held him fast

The jailor to did then procede,
To aid him in this cruel deed;
They forc'd him from his friends to go
Nor would they any pity show.

And tho' he strove with all his skill
They dragged him off, against his will;
And having no one to assist,
He could not long their strength resist.

Appaling sight! enough was done
To melt with grief a heart of stone,
And all our brethren here could say
Their rage and malice could not stay.

But there they stood almost amazed
And on the scene with horror gazed
'Till in a carriage he was placed
Nor would they heed his trying case.

But took him captive as we hear,
Then for New York they soon did steer.
So with his brethren he must part,
Tho' grievous to his aching heart.

No one but God to be his friends
Who could the least assistance lend
Or save him from the cruel foe,
But he was forc'd with them to go.

O Heavens! what will be the fate,
That does such tyrants now await?
They cant expect to rest in peace,
Till from such cruelties they cease.

So now this narative I close,
Yet still with grief o'erflows
That one of Mothers little band
Should suffer thus by wicked hands.
52nd
But God is righteous true and just,

And so again we say farewell may angels you attend
Until you reach your happy home and meet your gospel friend.

Spring

Spring has just made its appear-
-ance, clothed in splendor and beauty.
The earth has arrayed herself in a
garment of green: the bright sun which
has so long performed its circuit in
the southern hemisphere, has come
back to warm and invigorate the
earth. His rays which make so many
beautiful colors are shining with more
brilliancy, and the birds have again
renewed their visits to our land.
Winter with its sublime mountains
of ice and snow has disappeared
and spring has taken possession
of the earth. She has loosed the
rivers that have been frozen, and
the silvery streams of the brooks and
rivulets now flow gently along.
The tall trees in the silvan groves bow
their heads as if inviting us to enter

and enjoy the fragrant blossoms and the pleasures of their cooling shade. Wherever we go we can hear the music of the little birds that hop among the trees and build their nests in the branches. The meadows are covered with flowers, and the air is perfumed with the sweet odors they emit.

F.

The spring in glory does appear The brightest season of the year
For everything looks bright & gay When gloomy winter is gone away.
The birds their joyful notes do raise Their God and maker for to praise
And with the song they daily sing Make all the sylvan bowers ring

The fragrant flowers droop their leaves Buds and blossoms fill the trees
They are so beautiful and fair There's nothing with them can compare
The glorious sun that heavenly orb Which showeth goodness of the Lord
Extends his rays the earth to warm And does the pretty colors form.

A Discourse ~~Between the~~ Rose, Lilly, Violet, and Sunflower.

In a beautiful garden there flourished a rose,
And near by its side did a lilly repose
Close by the rose ere a violet bed,
A sunflower reared its graceful head.

One morning twas just as the sun had appeared
The sunflower listning some words over heard,
A dispute had arose 'tween the rose and the lilly
Which, to the sunflower, seemed quite silly

For bending its head down a little one side
It found that the quarrel arose from their pride,
But they were engaged so earnestly,
That this bold intrusion they did not perceive

The rose first began with a look of disdain
Saying "I am the noblest and greatest for fame
In splendor and beauty I do exceed
From the sunflower to the humblest weed."
" But the lilly is such a pale looking flower,
It ought not inhabit this beautiful bower,
And the violet to is such a mean thing.

I am sure there is no one that would notice him."

Then the lilly in anger arose in great haste,
And said of all flowers I am the most chaste,
My dress is most lovely it never will fade
I'm the prettiest flower that ever was made.

Then the humble violet next meekly arose,
And said "I do not pretend to boast of fine clothes
My modest appearance awakens pure love
And I'm not forgot by my Mother above."

Then the sunflower began their attention to call
And candidly said "I have listened to all
Remember fine garments and beauty must fade
Ere the summer is gone you will both be decayed"
But the violet shall remain in the bower
To cheer up each gloomy and dark autumn hour,
And long after the rose and the lilly shall die,
It will remain there to gladden the passer by."

Lines on the loss of a Friend.

We truly have lost a kind friend
Beloved and respected by all
Her labours on earth she did end
Completely fulfilling her call.

She has gone to the land of sweet peace
She has gone to the home of the blest
She's gone where all sorrow shall cease
To dwell in a mansion of rest.

With patience her crosses she bore
As long as on earth she did stay
And now on that heavenly shore
She rejoices in a happier day.

In her heart nought but innocence dwelt
There beauty in harmony shone
Her kindness we often have felt
Her sympathies truly have known.

We mourn as for one far away
Tho' we feel that her spirit is near
As a bright and a comforting ray
Our sorrowful spirits to cheer.

No more shall our hearts weep with pain
For the loss of a Sister so dear
We will count all our loss as her gain
And banishing each murmuring tear.

Jx^x Jx.

The Flight of Time

How swiftly time does pass away!
Our life is like a dream
The youngest may be called to day
To leave all earthly things.
But if we well improve our time
While here on earth we stay
A treasure we shall surely gain
Which never will decay.

The fleeting pleasures of this earth
No lasting joys afford
But those who quit all carnal mirth
Find comfort in the Lord
So I for one will forward press
To gain the lovely prize
That I may wear the heavenly dress
Above earths sorrows rise.

But O if we our moments lose

And waste our time away
Or if the gospel we refuse
And all our work delay
Then in this world we never can
Our privilege regain
And we shall have to leave this earth
Defiled with sin and shame.

But those who're faithful here in time
Will on Mount Zion stand
And with great beauty they will shine
Joined with the heavenly band
Led by their blessed King and Queen
They'l sing in Zion's height
Their souls are clean they are redeemed
And clothed in garments white.

Lines addressed to Sister Averill

Tuesday Aug. 12th 1851.

Kind sister Averill do receive
These lines so short and few
And may your spirit they relieve
When you have read them through.

O'er life's tempestuous sea you've sailed
Through many toilsome years
Yet still your strength has never failed
But overcome all fears.

And though your burden now is great
You have a cause of joy
Leading the young to heavens gate
Is sure a blest employ.

The virtuous principles instilled
Within their youthful minds
Will help their future life to fill
With good of various kinds.

In memorys book they will remain
They ne'er can be effaced
Sickness and sorrow death or pain
Can never them erase.

And in the heavenly world above
They'll rise and praise thy name
In songs of sweet and purest love
In a harmoinous strain.

For those who're called in youthful days
The narrow path to tread
When nature most her charms displays
And all her pleasures spread.

If they forsake all natural ties
To gain the costly pearl
They'll be the glory of paradise
The flower of the heavenly world.

And for the kindness and the care

Which you've bestowed on me
I know I never can forbear
To praise and honor thee.

For thou hast been to me a Mother
And friend of richest worth
I would exchange thee for no other
There is upon this earth.

And though I should be called away
From neath your tender care,
O do remember me each day
When in your time of prayer.

For many evils are entwined
By Satans subtile art,
Which act as charms upon the mind
To keep us in the dark.

Yet those who're faithful will not fear
For they'll protected be

If they are honest and sincere
He'll from them ever flee.

And your good counsel I do view
A foundation for my feet
And nothing that can here ensue
Shall cause me to retreat.

Though you I never can repay
Yet I shall thankful be
And also strive to live each day
And pattern after thee.

The Pearl of Truth

Go thou, in life's fair morning
Go in the bloom of youth
And buy, for thy adorning,
The precious pearl of truth
Secure this heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart
And let not worldly pleasure
Ever cause it to depart.

Go, while the day-star shineth
Go, while thy heart is light,
Go ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright
Sell all thou hast, and buy it,
Tis worth all earthly things,
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds
Scepters and crowns of kings.

Go, ere the clouds of sorrow,
Steal o'er the bloom of youth,
Defer not till to morrow,—
Go now and buy the truth.
Go, seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise;
Go, place upon His altar
A morning sacrifice!

Lines for a Sister

The thoughts of thee is always dear
And in my heart will ever be
In joy in sorrow smiles or tears
Dear Sister I remember thee.

When in the circle of my friends
I join in conversation free
Full many a wish for thee I send
Then often I remember thee.

When in the lone sequester'd grove

I'm seated 'neath the shady tree,
And thinking o'er the things I loved,
Then dear one I remember thee.

When night o'er earth her mantle flings
And hush'd the voice of thoughtless glee
I share the holy calm it brings
Then sweetly I remember thee

When banished are all worldly cares
And when upon the bended knee
To God I breath my fervant prayer
O Sister I remember thee!